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Ja se zovem tako i tako. Ja sam sve sem toga.
Ako sam ja sve sem tog titla šta sam ja to u stvari
i zašto se ja uopšte i kome obraćam?

Iako gledaš iz kocke u kocku vrlo je jasno ko smo, šta smo i gde smo, a pogotovo je jasno **ŠTA NISMO**. Mi nismo ta kocka.

Ta kocka u koju upravo gledaš i simboli koji sa njom i iz nje izlaze su samo zamena za realnost, stvarnost, onoga što jeste. To smo stvorili čisto i jedino iz kompleksa inferiornosti od onog što jeste. Ono **ŠTO JESTE** nas plaši jer ne možemo da ga kontrolišemo, a uopšte i potreba za kontrolom onoga što jeste je u stvari početno ne prihvatanje takozvanih ljudskih bića i njihovog stanja i jedinstva sa svim ostalim, što jeste.

My name is so and so. I am everything except that.
If I am everything except that title, what am I in fact?
Why and to whom am I referring to?

Even that you are watching from the cube into a cube,
it is clear who we are, what we are and where we are,
and it is very clear **WHAT WE ARE NOT**. We are not that cube.

The cube at which you are now just looking at and the symbols related to it are just a substitute for reality, actuality, for that what is. We have created the cube simply because of an inferiority complex from what is. That **WHAT IS** scare us because we can't control it, and actually the need to control what is, is in fact, an initial not acceptance of the so-called human beings, their condition and unity with all other, which is.

ŠTO JESTE je priroda, univerzum ili energija i kako god to da tagujemo iogradimo to će uvek biti u realnosti ono što nas je sve stvorilo i ono od čega nikada nećemo pobeći.

Možemo se zavaravati da mi stvaramo ili kontrolišemo tok, ali mi smo u tom toku i taj tok deluje na nas.

Mi možemo da se dogovorimo da smo shvatili taj tok, ali to će biti uvek i samo fiksiranje osetnog dela celine toka i to osetnog po naša čula i naša stanja koja su ograničena svojim bićem; proizvod toka.

Mislimo da smo nešto shvatili i onda pokušavamo to da primenimo na sve. To je šizofrenija. Pogledaj krug i kocku i biće ti jasno o čemu se radi. Ako ti nije jasno pogledaj sebe u ogledalu i šta vidiš?

WHAT IS, is the nature, the universe or energy and however we tag that and build barriers around it, it will always be in reality what created us all, and from what we will never escape.

We can fool ourselves that we create or control the flow, but we are in that flow and the flow influences us. We can agree that we understood this flow, but it will always and only be connected to the sensible part of the flow and detectable by our senses and our conditions which are limited by our being; a product of the flow.

We think we understood something and then we try to apply it on everything. That is schizophrenia. Look at a circle and a cube and it will be clear what it is about. If you do not understand look at yourself in the mirror and what do you see?

"Proizvod kulture" ili **"propast životinje"**? Šta je kocka u odnosu na krug i odakle ta kocka tu? Ko ju je doneo? Mora da nismo mi! Da naravno, odgovor je uvek negde drugde i uglavnom geometrijski podeljen kao da mi ne postojimo, u stvari to bi najviše i voleli, naravno samo u našim šizofrenim glavama. Zašto bi to voleli? Pa da bi imali sigurnost odgovora, da bi nam bilo dovoljno konforno da i dalje pokušavamo da dominiramo samim sobom, pošto ničim drugim i ne možemo.

"Ali kocka je merilo prirode!!!" - reče životinja iz dubine pećine, okrećući leš druge životinje na vatri, pored svojih kolega, životinja koje su misile da to nisu.

"Kad bi samo i drugim životinjama mogli da objasnimo to isto, sigurno bi više životinja tada pekli na vatri i sigurno ne bi bili gladni, žedni, a i imali bi i više nego što sada iz ove mračne pećine možemo da zamislimo!" - reče ljutito, sada, glavna životinja iz pećine.

"The product of a culture" or **"ruin of the animal"**? What is the cube in relation to the circle and what is that cube doing here? Who brought it? It could not be us! Yes, of course, the answer is always somewhere else and generally divided geometrically as we do not exist, in fact it would be what we would loved the most, naturally only in our schizophrenic heads. Why would we love that? So to have the security of response, that we would be comfortable enough to continue to try to dominate over our-self, since over nothing else we can not.

"But cube is a measure of nature!" - said the animal from the depths of the cave, while turning the corpse of another animal on fire, along with its companions, the animals that they thought they are not.

"If we could only explain the same thing to the other animals, we would certainly have more animals roasted on fire and certainly would not be hungry, thirsty, and would have more than we can imagine now in this dark cave!" - angrily said, now, the main animal from the cave.

Upravo ta pećina u koju smo se zavukli nas uslovjava da mislimo iz nje. Neko bi rekao da svest u pećini i izvan nje prirodno je isto, stoga možemo zaključiti da je to biće bilo baš dugo u toj pećini, do te mere da se identifikovalo sa njom u krajnjoj liniji svog postojanja, naravno drugim rečima u sopstvenoj šizofreniji. To biće, ta šizofrena životinja će posmatrati život oko sebe, ali samo do trenutka koji joj iz te izolovane perspektive odgovara. Samo do trenutka koji ne dodiruje taj sopstveni uslovljeni mehanizam. Tu će zupčanik stati i od toga napraviće najveći spomenik u kome će priroda biti njegova dekoracija a spomenik, tj. bolest, smisao, suština nepromenljiva.

Exactly that cave in which we crawled that conditioned us to think from it. Some would say that consciousness in and out of the cave are obviously the same, therefore we can conclude that that being was very long in that cave, to the extent it identifies with it, with its existence, of course, in other words, in its own schizophrenia. That being, that schizophrenic animal will observe life around it, but only to a point which will suit that isolated perspective. Only until the moment that does not touch that self-conditioned mechanism. There the gear will stop and out of it will make a monument in which the nature will be its decoration and the monument, which is a disease, meaning, the essence unchangeable.

Svima je tu sve jasno. Sve **JE** samo obrnuto.

"Šta onda drugo možemo i da očekujemo?!"

- urliknu leš u finalnom okretu na ražnju.

"Večera je spremna!"

Sad smo u kocki, serviraćemo krugove na kocki, gde ćemo sesti i jesti. Ako nam bude dosadno od svih tih kocki uključićemo još jednu kocku u kojoj će biti ceo "naš" kockasti svet, čisto da zaboravimo šta jedemo. Biće savršeno iako savršenstvo sem prirode ne postoji i iako za "nas" priroda ne postoji. Postojimo samo mi "životinje koje to nismo" i naše kocke.

Everything is clear to everybody. Everything **IS** just the opposite.

"Then what else can we expect?!"

- howled the corpse in its final turn on the spit.

"Dinner is served!"

Now we are in the cube, we will serve the circles on the cube, where we will sit and eat. If we get bored of all these cubes we will turn on another cube in which will be "our", whole, cubical world, just to forget what we are eating. It will be perfect even though perfection does not exist except in nature and although to "us" the nature does not exist. The only thing that exists is us, "animals that we are not" and our cubes.

Sledeća igra će biti u kocki, gde ćemo se podeliti, iako već podeljeni i udaraćemo krug u kocku i obrnuto. I dalje će nam se činiti da priroda ne postoji, tj. činiće nam se da je to upravo *naša priroda*. U svakom slučaju trudićemo se da što više ličimo na tu kocku. Mi postajemo zaljubljeni u tu kocku, jer ona je za nas savršena. Toliko savršena da moramo pod hitno tu pećinu da pretvorimo u tu kocku, mislim, kad bolje pogledamo iz kocke, pitam se kako smo uopšte i mogli da budemo u toj pećini, ona je tako mračna, može svašta u njoj da se krije, mislim, kao na primer, mi sami. Dovoljno zastrašujuće.

U kocki se zna šta je.

Sada iz našeg novog oblika sve deluje raznovrsno i odvojeno jedno od drugoga, kao bezbroj svetova ne povezanih međusobno, gomila odvojenih slučajeva u našim sada pravolinijskim mozgovima.

The next game will be in a cube, where we will divide, although already divided and we will hit the circle in to cube and vice versa. And we will still have a feeling that nature does not exist, that is, it will seem to us that it is *our nature*. In any case we will try to resemble the cube as much as we can. We feel in love with the cube. It is perfect for us. It is so perfect that we need urgently to transform the cave into the cube, I think, if you look better from the cube, I wonder how could have we even been able to be in that cave, it was so dark, anything could hide there, I think , for example, ourselves. That is scary enough. In the cube there are no surprises, you know what it is.

Now from our new form everything looks so diverse and separated from one another, as countless worlds unlinked to each other, a bunch of separated cases in our, now linear brains.

"Nećemo dozvoliti da nam ništa remeti naše kocke koje toliko volimo da želimo da budemo u njima i posle ove igre. Zauvek!" - povika životinja udarajući poslednjim trzajima krug napunjen istim sadržajem sada već odbačene, od sebe, pozadine.

"Ni jedan krug mene neće određivati!"
- dodade ista u poslednjem dahu.

Svima je jasno šta dalje ide.

Kocka se za istom i zatvara, idemo dalje u drugo, isto kockasto postojanje.

"Šta je sigurno, sigurno je."

"We will not let anything disturb our cubes which we love so much so that we want to be in them even after this game. Forever!" - screamed the animal hitting with its last strength the circle filled with the same content as now dropped from it's background.

"No circle will determine me!"
- added the same with the last breath.

Everyone knows what is going to be next.

The cube is closing above the one and we move on to another, the same cube-like existence.

"What is for sure, it's sure."

To je TO.

Sada znamo da ne znamo ništa i nemamo problema sa tim,
jer i onako i ovako ništa nas u suštini i ne zanima.

Sve bi to bilo super tako, samo kad bi ovaj svet bio kvadrat a
mi slova u njemu bez igde ičega pa do beskonačnosti. Da je
tako ne bi ni primetili gde smo i šta zapravo radimo i sve
bi bilo idealno samo nama samima kao odvojenim
nevidljivim delovima bez ikakve sumnje u to.

Ali kocka nije **krug**.

Dovoljno je da se na trenutak slučajno osvrnemo na krug koji
sija našim krugom i samim tim primetimo šta to **zapravo jeste**.

Celina. Ja sam jedno. Ja i ti smo jedno.
Sve je jedno. **Jedinstvo.**

That's IT.

Now we know that we don't want to know anything and
we have no problems with that, anyways,
because in essence we are not interested in anything.

All of this would be so great like that, only if this world was a square
and we were letters on it without anything and like that up to infinity.
If that was so, we would not even notice what we are doing and
everything would be perfect just to us as a separate,
invisible parts without any doubt in it.

But a *cube* is not a **circle**.

It is enough to just for a moment look at the circle that shines over
our circle, and thus it is obvious what it actually is.

Comprehensiveness. I am one. You and I are one. All is one. **Unity.**

Nema odvojenih stvari u realnosti.

Sve je **JEDNO** sada i zauvek. "Mi" možemo da iskočimo u našim očima na trenutak ali i taj trenutak je isto u jednom.

Ne možemo pobeći.

Nema nam izlaza, nema spasa našem *kockastom konceptu*, on već sam sebe **anulira**. Nismo ni bolji ni lošiji niodčega i ništa je bolje od "nas".

Sve funkcioniše savršeno tako kako već jeste i svako nastupanje protiv toga vraća **ponovo na isto**.

Nepostojanje, postojanje, nepostojanje, postojanje, nepostojanje, postojanje, nepostojanje, postojanje, nepostojanje... i tako u beskonačnost savršenosti prirode.

There are no separate things in reality.

Everything is **ONE** now and forever. "We" can jump out in our eyes for a moment but that moment is still in one.

We can not escape.

There is no exit, no help for our cubical concept, but in the fact it **annuls** itself. We are neither better nor worse from anything and nothing is better than "us".

Everything works perfectly the way it already is and each performance against it is returning **again to the same**.

The absence, presence, absence, presence, absence, presence, absence, presence, absence... and so onto the infinity of nature's perfection.

Samo mi nismo savršene životinje jer ne želimo da odustanemo od našeg početnog pećinskog, *izolacija tripa*. Sada već shvatamo da se bojimo i želimo da pobegnemo.

Ali gde god da odeš tu si. Nema bežanja od prirode, znači samim tim nema ni bežanja od **sebe**.

Nema skloništa od univerzuma, mi smo tu.

E sad samo kad bi to "mi" shvatili, ne bi bilo potrebe čak ni za ovim slovima. Naravno da ne bi, jer su i ovako i onako iz kocke i izašla.

Sve je jedno. I **dobro i loše. JEDNO**, jer **pozitiv** bez **negativa** ne ide. Oduzmi **jedno** i već si u konfuziji izolovanog sveta koji hoćeš da idealizuješ iako ne videći realnost koju pokušavaš samo sebi da uništiš.

Only, we are not perfect animals because we do not want to give up from our initial cave, *isolation trip*. Now we realize that we are afraid and that we want to escape. But wherever you go, there you are. There is no escape from the nature, meaning there is no escape from **self**.

There is no shelter from the universe, we are here.

Now if only "we" understood, there would be no need even for this letters. Of course not, because they either way came out from the square.

All is one. Both **good** and **bad**. **ONE**, because **positive** without **negative** doesn't go. Subtract **one** and you already are in the confusion of the isolated world that you want to idealize though not seeing the reality you are trying to destroy just for yourself.

Odustani i shvati zašto se plašiš. Shvati šta želiš, a posebno zašto i kako to želiš. Da li je to baš tvoja želja? Šta je želja? Odakle? Čemu potreba za svim tim...

"Dosta više sranja majmune!" - iznenadno povika ljutito glavna životinja ostalim zatečenim životnjama, kojima je definitivno situacija u kocki još od pećine postala jasna. Jedino što im nije bilo jasno zašto ih naziva "majmunima", ali u tom trenutku to im i nije bilo toliko važno. Delovalo je kao da se životinja uz nemirila, psihološki ogradila, bez želje za daljom *takozvanom komunikacijom*.

Da bi životinju kontrolisao moraš da je izoluješ, al' da joj daš neku vrstu "*poštovanja*". Daš joj da jede.

Give up and understand why you are afraid. Understand what you want, and especially why and how you want it. Is that really your wish? What is wish? Where from? Why the need for all that...

"Enough with the shit, monkey!" - suddenly the main animal angrily shouted on other confused animals, who definitely understood the situation in the cube since their cave days. The only thing they didn't understand was why they were called "monkeys", but at the moment that was not so important to them. It seemed as if the animal is disturbed, psychologically distanced itself, without desire for further *so-called communication*.

In order to have control over the animal, you needs to isolate it, but give it some kind of "*respect*". Give it to eat.

Eto zašta mi trebamo sami sebi i onda je naravno *bitno*
da se ta ideja "**razmnoži**", jer što bolji *komfor*
to bolja *izolacija*. **U svakom smislu.**

Zašto smo mi ljudske životinje jedine *šizofrene*?

Zar ne možemo da pustimo te životinje da žive sa svojom
šizofrenim oblicima a mi životinje se okrenemo realnosti
života, onog **ŠTO JESTE**, sa svim ostalim životnjama,
živim organizmima?

Pa to je nemoguće.

Životinja sama sa svojim problemom mora da zarazi
drugu jer u suprotnom to i ne bi ni bio problem,
jer **sve na sve deluje**.

That's why we are necessary to ourselves, and of course,
that idea needs to be "**multiplied**", because the better
the comfort - the better the isolation. **In every sense.**

Why are we, human animals,
the only ones who are *schizophrenic*?

Can't we let those animals live with its *schizophrenic shapes*
and we, the animals, can turn to the reality of life, **WHAT IS**,
with all the other animals, living organisms?

Well that's impossible.

The animal alone with its problem has to infect other;
otherwise there would not be a problem, because
everything influences everything.

I tako je kocka stajala prkoseći prirodi, praveći se kao da je oduvek tu i bila, kao da je te životinje nisu same svojom *mukom bolešću* održavale u životu. Kao da su prirodne energije, sile, vetrovi, valovi, vibracije, frekvencije realnosti konstantno podsećale tu kocku na **krug**. Ali izgleda da će pre i kocka da shvati šta nije, nego što će onaj ko je napravio.

"Da, da, naravno, tu svako razume ono što hoće..."
Delovi svesti razbacane po uglovima...

Još uvek u kocki.

Ovo sad postaje stvarno dosadno,
ali to uopšte i nije bitno,
ko' da se mi tu nešto i pitamo,
sem zašto više ne prestanemo
sa tim "*tripom*".

And so the cube stood antagonizing the nature, pretending like it was always there, and it was as if these animals have not alone with their *passionate illness* artificially held it in life. As if the natural energies, forces, winds, waves, vibrations, frequencies of reality were constantly reminding that cube on a **circle**. But it seems that the cube will understand what it is not, before it will the one who made it.

"Yes, yes, of course, everyone understands there what it want." Parts of awareness scattered around the corners...

Still in the cube.

This is now becoming really boring, but it does not matter, as if we are asked anything, except, why don't we stop with that "*trip*".

Tada shvatamo da smo mi "*taj trip*" i potpuno zaboravljamo kako je i došlo do toga. Taj trip nas čini posebnim, odabranim životinjama, naravno samo u našim *šizofrenim* glavama, pritom kojih više nismo ni svesni. Tada mi postajemo *bogovi* i **SVE** počinje da smeta konceptu istog, veštačkog, isforsiranog, izolovanog tripa, mislim sve što nije to, a sve što nije to, je **ONO ŠTO JESTE**. Priroda. Univerzum. Realnost.

Sada i zauvek. Imamo baš velik problem...

Imalo je i drvo i **SVE** a ono se pope na kocku i skoči sa nje.

Izgleda da je definitivno mislilo da će živeti zauvek.

Baš se pitam odakle joj ta ideja? Pećine rade čuda.

"Život je ono što me plaši, smrt je laka." - ponovi neko šapatom iz ugla, zna se već odakle i kada.

Then we realize that we are "*that trip*" and completely forget how it came to be. That trip makes us special, the chosen animals, of course, only in our, *schizophrenic* minds, which we are no longer even aware of. Then we become *gods* and **ALL** begins to interrupt with the concept of the same, artificial, pushed, isolated trip, I mean everything that it is not, and what it is not, is **WHAT IS**. The nature. The universe. The reality. Now and forever. We have a really big problem...

It had a tree and **ALL**, and it climbed on a cube and jumped from it. It seems that it definitely thought it will live forever. Just wondering where did it get that idea? Caves are doing wonders.

"Life is what scares me, death is easy." - someone repeated whispering from a corner, its known where and when.

"Šta bi još mogli da učinimo da nam život bude još lepši?" - upita životinja sama sebe gledajući u kvadrat na plafonu sa kvadrata u kvadratu, koji je u dogovoru sa srodnim životinjama zvao *kuća*.

"Kako sad da se razmnožim, nikako mi ne ide...?" - tužno progovori i dalje samoj sebi, sada već stara "ne životinja".

Ništa se ne brini! Takvi kao *ti* se samo jednom rađaju, ali se kopiraju u beskonačnost, ništa nema da brineš. Tvoja *igra* neće propasti. Anomalije samo napreduju, što bolesnije to posebniye, a ti si baš poseban slučaj. Reče glas iz iste.

"What more could we do to make our lives even more wonderful?" - asked the animal to itself watching the square on the ceiling from a square in a square, which in agreement with related animals it called *home*.

"How to multiply myself now, it does not go anyhow...?"
- sadly spoke to itself still alone, now old "non-animal".

Don't worry! Such as *you* are born only once, but they are copied infinitely, do not worry a thing. Your *game* will not fade. Anomalies only progress, the sicker the better, and you're surely a special case. Spoke the voice from the same.

Životinja se na to ozari, kao da je sama sebi nešto suštinski rekla ali samo nije bila dovoljno svesna, naravno iz sopstvenog zadovoljstva, da protumači do kraja, da li to ona priča sama sa sobom i zašto je to baš tako zvučalo.

Kako to da shvati?

"O tvorcu moj, zar si i ti isti ko' i ja?!" - upita životinja osmehujući se sama svom negativu iz pravougaonika koji je visio negde u sada takozvanoj kući. Ne čekavši nikakav odgovor, zaključi.

"Sad mi je jasno!" - reče.

"Ustvari sve treba popraviti! Sve je sjebano i nesavršeno..." - zadovoljno osmehujući se, dodade reflekcija životinje iz ogledala.

The animal light up to it, as if it said something essential to itself, but it just was not sufficiently aware, of course, for its own satisfaction, to explain it to the end, is it talking to itself, and why it sounded so.

How should it understand that?

"O my creator, are you the same as I?" - asked the smiling animal to its negative in a rectangle that was hanging somewhere in the now so-called home. It didn't wait for a reply to conclude.

"Now I understand!" - it said.

"In fact everything needs to be fixed! Everything is fucked up and imperfect..." - with a pleasant smile added the animal's reflection from the mirror.

Ponavljanje je jedini način da se ubije deo prirode životinje u svakom smislu, a pritom da se ne ubije životinja. Živi leš koji postaje funkcionalan sam od sebe, za sebe, dok je to "sebe" proizvod tog istog uslovljenog, na taj način izolovanog ponašanja.

Neke životinje to zovu ***IGRA***, neke ***EGO*** a neke se i ne bi izjašnjavale, nisam ih pitao.

Hmmmmm... "***Nisam ih pitao***". Odakle sad to? To je ***EGO***, ko što neko shvati, život životinje u obliku *slike* o samoj sebi i relacija te *autoizolovane slike* sa svim što postoji oko životinje. To je proizvod uslovljavanja životinje ponavljanjem.

Repetition is the only way to kill a part of animal's nature in every sense, but not to kill the animal. That Living corpse becomes functional by itself, for itself, while that "itself" is a product of the same conditioned, in that way isolated behavior.

Some animals call that a ***GAME***, some ***EGO*** and some would not say, I didn't ask them.

Hmmmmm... "***I didn't ask them.***" Why that now? This is the ***EGO***, as someone may understand; *life* of the animal in the form of a *picture* of itself and the relationship of that *auto-isolated picture* with all that exists around the animal. It is a product of conditioning the animal by repetition.

**"Dosta više priče o tim životinjama,
bolje pričaj malo o nama!"** - uzviknu razborito
još jedna među nama svima poznata životinja,
koja je takođe kao i neke do sad umislila da to nije.

Teško je komunicirati sa životnjom pogotovo ako samo jedna umisli da to nije. To je **destruktivno**, jer samo da bi se dokazala mora da dominira nečim, u krajnjoj misli, dominira sama sobom. Izolacija ponovo.

Jadna životinja šta je sve izmislila, samo da...

Iznenadno kvadrat se kotrlja sa 4 kruga po ravnoj umetnutoj površini. U njemu sedi razdražena životinja, koja kaže da je sam *tvorac* sličnog razmišljanja pokreće pečenjem leševa nekad izumrlih organizama.

"Enough of the stories about these animals, you better talk a little bit about us!" - proudly shouted among us all, one well-known animal, which till now as some thought that it is not.

It is difficult to communicate with the animal especially if only one is convinced that it is not. It is **destructive**, because just in order to prove something it needs to be dominate, at the very end over itself. Isolation again.

Poor animal it invented all that, only to...

Suddenly square with 4 circles is rolling on a flat, inserted surface. In it sits irritated animal, which says that *the creator* of similar-thinking is running it by baking corpses of once, living organisms.

Naravno kaže da nije životinja i kao dokaz nudi svoju pojavu svim drugim živim organizmima na pogađanje, jer dosta životinja iz kocke voli kocku, slično se oseća, tako da samim tim ne oseća izolaciju već jedinstvo sa *konceptom* te životinje.

O kako se oni "*lepo*" igraju, dokazujući iznova jedno drugom kako nisu životinje.

Tok je tekao a životinja je u znatiželji nervozno blenula u kocku, tražeći bilo šta zašta bi se uhvatila kako bi opravdala sama sebi svoje *postojanje*. Tražila je bilo koji oblik, slovo, sliku ili znak koji bi joj druga životinja ostavila pred njom.

Tražila je uglavnom ono što zna, ili što zna da će naći.

Tražila je spokoj, tražila je neki mir, ubeđena da je u tome smisao njenog postojanja.

Of course it says that itself is not an animal and offers as a proof it's occurrence to all the other living organisms on guessing. Many animals from the cube love the cube and have the similar feeling so therefore do not feel the isolation, but the unity with *the concept* of that animal.

Oh, how they are "*nicely*" playing, proving once again, one to another, that they are not animals.

Stream flows and the curious animal is nervously looking into a cube, seeking for anything that can justify its own *existence*. It searched for any form, letter, picture or sign that another animal had left for it. It asked mainly for what it known, or what it knows it will be found. It was looking for tranquility, needed some kind of peace convinced that in that is its point of existence.

Naravno slučajno je našla sve sem toga.

"Pa i nije baš da je slučajno." - prozbori životinja samoj sebi.

"Kocke se kotrljaju sa krugovima i u tome je stvar." - dodade.

Dosta je to sve jasno, samo je još uvek *problem*, kako to da se "*razmnoži*"? Vratimo se u pećinu da nam glavna životinja objasni šta da radimo.

Ovako - "*Razmnožićemo te kvadrate u kocke. Svakom svoja. Znači... tebi jedna, meni jedna, njoj i njemu jedna. Svakoj Ne Životinji po jedna. Sad može da krene i dodatna oplodnja. Cilj je naravno što sigurnije postojanje nas, navodno Ne Životinja*".

Of course, accidentally it found everything except that.

"Well it is not just by chance."
- said the animal to itself.

"Cubes are rolling with circles and that is the thing."
- it added.

A lot of it's clear, but the problem is still how to "*multiply*" it? Let's go back to the cave, so that the main animal can explain to us what to do.

Thus - "*We will multiply the squares into cubes. Each of us needs its own. So.... you get one, I get one, she and he get one. Each non-animal gets one. Now further additional fertilization can take place. Goal is of course a more secure existence of us, so called non-animals.*"

Od početka ćemo se igrati sa našim svetom.

Uprostićemo sve, pošto nam je mnogo teško,
komplikovano da se postavimo **direktno**.

U tome će nam naravno pomoći naši novi oblici, koji su proizvod našeg novog razmišljanja. *NAŠEG*, pa da, to smo *Mi*. Pa kako je to lepo... *Mi* bez *NAS* ne bi ni uspeli da se igramo, naravno. Samo je šteta što niko sem nas neće sa nama da se igra. Sigurno ne znaju pravila. Moramo da ih naučimo. Prava je šteta da se i oni ne igraju kad je nama očigledno mnogo *lepo*. Naravno *lepota* je i smisao *NAŠE IGRE*, jer sve to drugo, nama nije, a znamo šta to drugo nama jeste. Sve što se više mi budemo množili, to ćemo više i više moći da se igramo, do beskonačnosti ako treba,
a očigledno da treba.

From the beginning we will be playing with our world. We will simplify everything, since things are much more difficult to us, it is complicated to address them **directly**.

In that we will get help from our new forms, which are the product of our new thinking. *OUR*, so yes, that are *WE*. So, isn't it nice... *We* without *US* wouldn't be able to play, of course. It is just a pity that nobody but us will play with us. Certainly they don't know the rules. We need to teach them. It's a shame that they do not play when it is obviously a *lot of fun*. Of course, *the beauty* is the essence of *OUR GAME*, because everything else to us it is not, and we know what that else to us is. All the more we multiply, the more we will be able to play, to infinity if it is necessary, and obviously it is.

Beskonačnost je krenula da nas tripuje od starta i beskonačnost je gde mi želimo nas i naše kocke.

"Sad kad smo se sve to lepo dogovorili nastavljamo da popravljamo sve što ne valja. Znači sve sem kocki, u prevodu. Ništa to ne valja. Ni druge životinje, ni ostali organizmi, priroda, univerzum pa naravno ni sumnja u nas same. To sve mora da bude po kocki od STARTA, tako savršeno i nepomično kao i u našim, do sada, već pravolinijskim mozgovima." - dovrši životinja ponovo sama sebi, kao predstavniku svih drugih slično naklonjenih, navodno "**Ne Životinja**".

Nepostojanje. Postoј...

Infinity has triped us from the start and infinity is where we want us and our cubes.

"Now that we have it all nicely arranged we need to fix everything that is wrong. That means, all but the cubes, in translation. Nothing is right. No other animals, or other organisms, nature, universe, or of course doubt in ourselves. It all has to be according to cube from the START, so perfectly and motionless as in our, so far linear brains." - repeated the animal to itself, as a representative of all the others similarly inclined, so called "**non-animals**".

Non- Existence. Existe....

Mala životinja sedeći u kocki na kvadratu, pomera pojednostavljenе oblike od kojih i neke prevedene, uprošćene iz prirode postavljene od strane drugih životinja, koje su ih tu sa namerom ostavile.

Neko bi rekao da se one tu igraju same sa sobom. Možemo da zaključimo po njenom ponašanju, da je baš spokojna sa tim oblicima, kao da ih zna ceo život, celo postojanje. Deluje kao da joj ništa drugo sada ne treba, sem možda neke druge životinje sličnog stanja, a možda čak ni to. Ona mora *da se igra*, to je već naučila do sada. U suprotnom, sedeće sama u kocki i onda će se možda ponovo zapitati zašto je tu i da li ima nešto izvan te kocke.

Little animal is sitting in a cube on the square, moving simplified forms, some of them translated, simplified from the nature, intentionally left there by other animals.

Some might say that they are playing with themselves. We can conclude by its behavior, that it is very calm with these forms, as if it knows them the whole life, the whole existence. It looks as if it doesn't need anything now, except maybe some other animal of similar condition, or maybe not even that. It has to *play*, it had learned that so far. Otherwise, it will sit alone in the cube and it may again ask itself why it is there and whether there is something outside that cube.

Pravougaonik se otvara na kvadratu kocke, te iste kocke u kojoj ista ta životinja tako spokojno obitava. Iz pravougaonika u kocku ulaze dve *velike* životinje koje odvode *malu* životinju kroz isti pravougaonik odakle su upravo došle.

Sada su na otvorenom.

"Jel' vidiš SVE ovo što kocka NIJE?" - upita jedna od životinja, *malu* životinju.

"Da..." - uzvrativši tiho *velikoj*, sada već očigledno uplašena *mala* životinja.

Rectangle is opening on the square of a cube, the same cube in which the same *small* animal is living. From a rectangle into a cube are entering two *big* animals that are taking a *little* animal through the same rectangle from which they just came in.

Now they are on the open.

"Do you see EVERYTHING what the cube is NOT?"
- asked one of the animals *the little* animal.

"Yes..." - answered quietly to the *big* animal's question, apparently now frightened *little* animal.

"E, sve to što NIJE, BIĆE!" - dodade životinja, nastavljući sa pričom.

**"Ti si sada mala i uplašena životinja,
ali si dovoljno uplašena da shvatiš koliko
ti je to sad potrebno. Mi smo tu zbog
tebe i ti si tu zbog NAS."**

"Well, all that IS NOT, WILL BE!" - added the animal, continuing with the story.

**"You are now little and a frightened animal,
but you are scared enough to realize how
much you need it now. We are here for you
and you are there for US. "**

Ponor u očima *male* životinje, gledajući
sve što kocka nije niti će ikada biti,
zajedno sa njom samom. **Muk.**

"Nemoj sad da je plašiš, još je mala." - reče prvoj
druga životinja.

"O tome čemo kad naraste."

Pit in the eyes of the little animal, watching everything that the cube is not, nor will it ever be, together with itself. **Silence.**

"Do not scare it now, it's still a little." - said the second animal to the first.

"We will talk about it when it grows."

